

A FULL and TRUE

## ACCOUNT

OF A

## Horrid and Bloody Conspiracy

Of the *PAPISTS* against the *PROTESTANTS*In the North of *ENGLAND*;

Being a True Copy of a Letter from *Thomas Rowland* at *Hexham* in *Northumberland*, shewing the Intention of a most Barbarous Murther was intended to be Committed on *William Rowland* of that Place, by the Lord *Derwinwater's* Son, Mr. *Thomas Ratcliff*, a Papist.

**W**E see daily the Horrid Barbarous Designs of the *Roman Catholicks* against those of the Church of *England*, though of the nearest Affinity; And finding themselves frustrated of all future hopes in performing their most Villanous and Unchristian Intentions, by a General Massacre (as it will appear by this) are resolved, rather than fail, to commit Murther upon all those who shall any ways obstruct their Dark and Horrid Inclinations, as will appear by the sequel of this Story,

*William Rowland* of the Parish of *Hexham* in the County of *Northumberland*, being a Person well known for his honest endeavours to support the Protestant Religion, upon the Noise of the Prince of *Orange's* Landing, knowing the Lord *Derwinwater*, and some others, (living not far from the Town of *Hexham*,) to be Papists, and that they would obstruct what in them lay the Protestant Interest, he immediately endeavoured to raise a sufficient Number of Protestants, whereby they might disarm the Papist's Houses of Arms, to prevent the Mischief they might do; which he did to the utmost of his power; but knowing



knowing their implacable Malice would tend to the taking away his Life, and having some other occasions, took his Journey for *London*, where he now is, and hath since his Arrival here received a Letter from *Thomas* and *John Rowland* his Brothers, now at *Hexham*, that *William Rowland* their Kinsman was Drinking at a Gardner's House at *Dalston* with *George Hog* and a Boy, and coming homeward, *William Rowland* would of necessity call upon a Friend that he had which lived at the Lord *Derwinwaters*, and thereupon knocked at the Gate, upon which, Mr. *Ratcliff*, the Lord's Son, looked out of the House, and Asked who was there? And he Answer'd, he was *William Rowland* of *Hexham*, whereupon Mr. *Thomas Ratcliff* commanded his Servants to break his Neck over the Rock, and thought it to be *William Rowland* now in *London*, with this expression, hast thou got from *London* already thou Rogue? Upon which Four of them came out and threw him over the Rock, at the West End of the Bowling Alley, about Four Yards high, and if a Tree had not been, they had thrown him into the DEVIL's - WATER, the Man that was with him, and Boy, was got to the Bridg that goes into the Park, and seeing my Lords Men throw him over the Rock, cryed out, you have Killed the Man, take him to your charge, I will go and raise the Town of *Hexham*, and Ring the FR A - B E L L, upon which Four of them followed *George Hog* and the Boy, and brought them up where *William Rowland* was lying; and they said to *Hog*, thou hast Killed this Man; and if he had been Dead, they would have either Killed *Hog* and the Boy, or Sworn his Death upon *Hog*; he was so Bruised and Wounded, that he is in small hopes of Recovery. He was carried back to *Dilston*, where he now lieth in a most Deplorable Condition. Such you see are the most moderate Cruelties of the Papists, in the Execution of their Barbarity, and the Tenets of their Religion; from which Libera Nos Domine.

F I N I S.

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